

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
AT CHAPEL HILL



THE COLLECTION OF
NORTH CAROLINIANA

PRESENTED BY

David J. Pittman Fund

VC811
W725p

R NC LC 811.4 W724P
Williams, Levi Branson,
Poems and memoirs of Lieut
Levi Branson Williams.

15-

MA/10

ONLY 2 PHOTOS OF CO

02LC

1818

115L

209571

4510

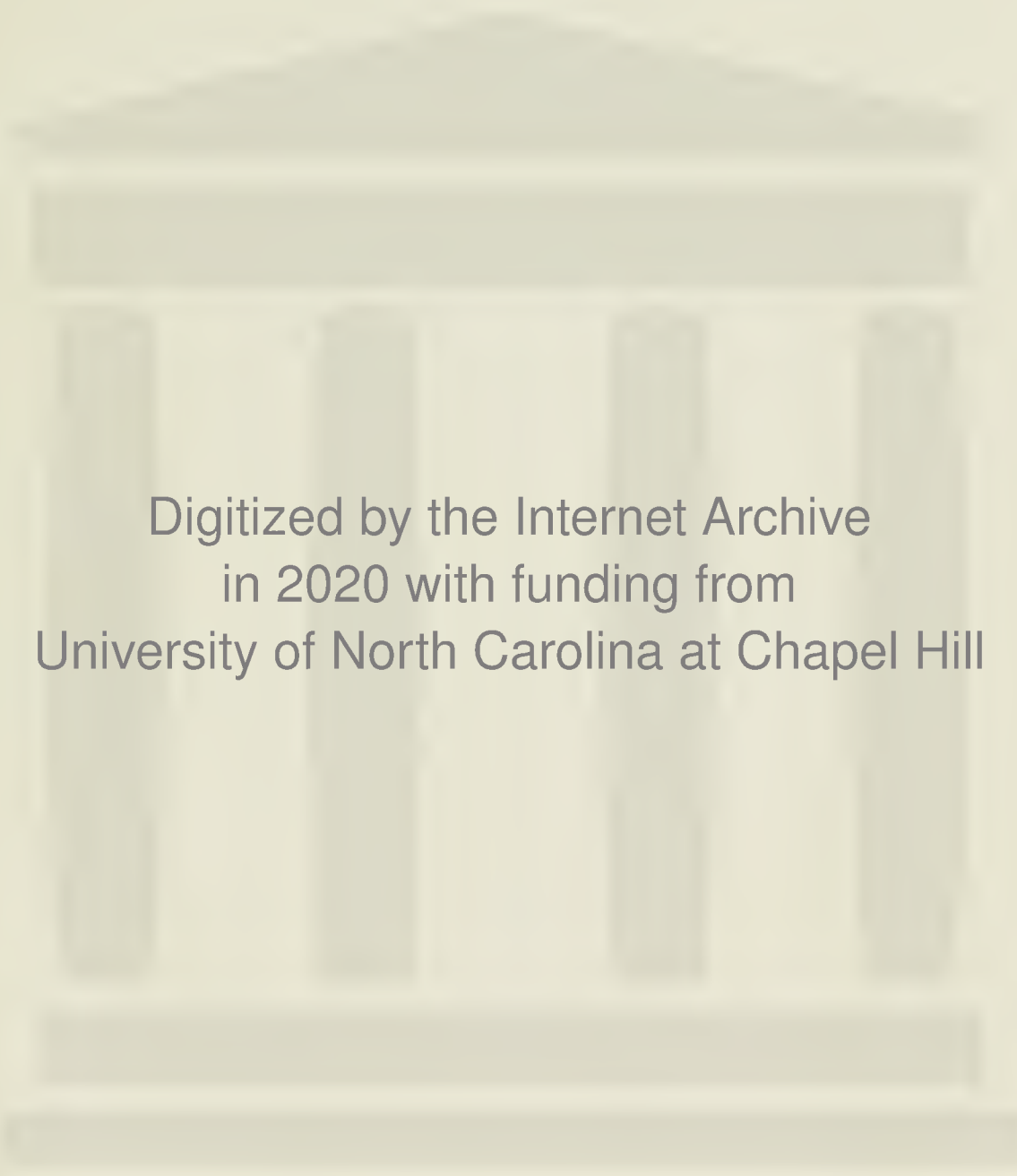
19182

115516

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

NORTH CAROLINA
COLLECTION



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2020 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

<https://archive.org/details/poemsmemoirsofli00will>

Poems

—AND—

Memoirs

—OF—

Lieut. Levi Branson Williams.

1700

1900.

SENTINEL PRINT,
LaGrange, N. C.

PROPERTY OF
DISCARDED
HIGH POINT PUBLIC LIBRARY
HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA

VCS II
W785P

PREFACE.

Five

The subject of our short sketch, Levi Branson Williams, was the son of Ezekiel Randolph and Agnes Williams, of Guilford County. Born on November 13th, 1837, at an early age, he was left an orphan and in the care of his grandfather, Nathan Williams, passed the happy days of childhood. Of an earnest and pious disposition, he was converted to the Christian faith and became a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, at about eighteen years of age.

When the chasm between the North and the South was broadening into a great gulf, and sectional lines were being drawn fiercely, on September 4th, 1860, he was married to Mary A., daughter of Owen and Temperance J. Lindley, of Chatham county. Although he felt it his duty to volunteer in the very beginning of the war, he desisted at the instance of his wife; when, however, the call was made in 1862, he became a member of company E, Fourth N. C. Cavalry, attaining the rank of second Lieutenant. In a comparatively short time, he was made a prisoner by the Union forces and died on Johnson's Island, near the city of Sandusky, Ohio, on September 26th, 1863. How much he loved his home and its inmates, remains to be told in the following pages.

The grave has long since claimed all that was mortal of this Christian son, husband and father, but his exemplary life is worthy of emulation,

MRS. MARY A. BARROW

Pittsburgh
NCA
WCU

A WORD BY THE COMPILER.

In revising and copying the matter that is presented to the reader in the succeeding pages, I have followed as closely as possible, the wording of the original manuscript; however, in no instance has the substance or intent of one single line or sentence of the author been suppressed or destroyed. In the lapse of thirty odd years, many facts and otherwise interesting incidents, some on paper and others from memory's grand store house, have passed into oblivion. To the end that the numerous friends and relatives of Lieutenant Williams may once more freshen their memory of him, and every North Carolina soldier can read with pride of him who was their comrade, loyal and brave, though unfortunate; this work is now offered to the press. To her who became his bride, when the cumulous clouds of strife began to gather on the horizon, and who remained a faithful and devoted wife during a period of three short years, before the grim hand of death severed the family tie on earth; to her, now standing on the brink of the grave and only waiting to be merged into that innumerable throng; this work is dedicated and may it be an inspiration to posterity.

FRANCIS M. HARRISON.

December 5th, 1900.

THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

Ye sons of North Carolina, come rally one and all,
 Stand by the flag of Union and hearken to her call;
 Her starry folds are quivering—trembling now upon the brink
 Of dread and fell disunion: oh save them ere they sink!

She long has waved in glory, a wonder of the world;
 Her spangled folds all glittering—and must she now be hurled
 From off her blood built pillars, in black disunion's gloom?
 And lose her world wide honor—ah! must this be her doom?

Must temples built by heroes—patriotic sires,
 Who braved the storms of battle—the Revolution's fires,
 Be tumbled into ruins, and fall before the storm,
 Yea flee away as vapors at the dawning of the morn?

Oh no! come rally round her and keep her high in air;
 And may she through the ages wave in splendor there.
 The envy of the nations, who would rejoice to see
 Its folds rent by disunion, oh woful would it be.

Let not the thought of danger affright you in this cause,
 But bear aloft this standard and stand by all her laws;
 Your country now demands it, your home and loved ones, too,
 Then stand, ye sturdy yeomen, 'neath the red, the white and blue!

Away with fear and trembling, for brave hearts now we need,
 And when to act we call you let each the other lead.
 Thus be your own commander and rally to the field,
 Stand by the flag of Union, her stars and stripes to shield.

Who now will be a traitor? Who now would be a slave?
 Who now will say disunion: who fill a coward's grave?
 If such there be among us we say to you, "Depart!"
 For in our ranks are wanting none but the honest heart.

We want those who for Union will go with all their might,
 No fear of danger smite them, though thick may be the fight;
 True soldiers and true statesmen are those for whom we call,
 To stand by our loved Union; then come up one and all.

As waves of ocean roll at break of dewy morn,
 As blow the gentle zephyrs o'er fields of golden corn,
 Even dazzling as the sunshine upon the foaming wave,
 Long may the flag of Union float above the freeman's grave.

THE MURDER OF MARTHA PENIX.

Come all you pretty maidens dear
 And listen to my rhyme;
 I'll tell you of a pretty maid
 Cut down in her prime.

Like some unlucky flower, she
 Was doomed to droop and die,
 And murdered by the one she loved,
 There's no one can deny.

In Guilford county was her home
 And near Jamestown she did dwell,
 Miss Martha Penix was her name,
 As all must know full well.

Poor Martha's heart to love inclined
 And Cupid bent his bow;
 Which left a fatal dart behind
 That proved her overthrow.

A young man near to her did live,
And Chipman was his name;
He sought and won poor Martha's heart
And blacked his own with shame.

And vows of love no doubt he made
To ever true remain;
But yet, like others when away,
He never loved again.

And when they met perhaps he did
His former vows renew,
And told poor Martha that he would
To her be ever true.

This wretch had thought to murder her
And planned it out this way:
"That he would meet her out somewhere
Upon a certain day."

A place was fixed where they would meet,
And there poor Martha went
To meet this faithless lover then,
Not knowing his intent.

Perhaps she thought he'd set a time
This courtship for to end
And talk of those whom they would have
Their wedding to attend.

No doubt she thought of happy days
And of connubial bliss,
But yet this cruel monster he
Did put an end to this.

To keep suspicion off, this wretch
Into the woods did go
As if he was a hunting game,
To do this deed of woe.

And in a lonely hollow was
The appointed place to meet,
And to that dark devoted spot
He did direct his feet.

Perhaps he shuddered when they met
This damning deed to do,
And thinking too of vows he'd made
Forever to be true.

Close side by side upon the ground,
No witness but the skies,
Poor Martha rested on the ground
From which she never was to rise.

And while they lovingly did talk
The gun he did bring down
And shot the poor girl through the heart
While sitting on the ground.

Then falling backward where she sat
And gaping too for breath
She closed her eyes forevermore,
Her soul was yielded up in death.

The wretch not yet quite content,
He forthwith drew his knife,
And ran it through her snow white neck
To take the warm, pure blood of life.

What horror must have seized his soul
This awful thing to know
To see from that pure brow and neck
The life blood ebb and flow.

Or was his heart to feeling dead
In that most fatal hour?
Ah, yes, it seems the evil one
Did have full sway and power.

Oh Heavens, see, from all the wounds
The crimson current flow.
Is no one nigh to witness this,
And mark this deed of woe?

Yes, God has seen the horrid deed,
And heard poor Martha cry;
Yea, heard the murderous gun discharge,
And seen her bleed and die.

This monster then did leave her there
And to his home did go.
Oh! who would think that mortal man
Could serve poor helpless woman so?

No stately tree nor giant rock
Doth mark the lonely spot
Nor mighty river's swelling tides
By which this deed to trace.

No flowery lawn nor grassy spot,
No dark and shady grove,
In which true lovers oftimes might
Delighted be to rove.

'Twas in no stately palace hall
Where wealth and grandeur shine.
True love and wealth are enemies
Which never can combine.

But far away in a lonely place,
'Tis closed most all around,
If any wish to go and see
This lone and silent ground.

A bending grape-vine marked the spot,
Dogwood tree stands near;
Each causes many when they see
These marks to drop a glistening tear.

The grape-vine makes two bow-like bends,
Within them they did sit;
No doubt it was a place where they
Aforetime often met.

And when her body there was found
Across the vine it lay;
The spirit gone to other lands,
To regions far away.

Poor Martha from her home was missed,
Suspicion did then arise,
Which flew the neighborhood around,
Like arrows through the skies.

The people then did searching go,
All for to find the maid,
And to the lonely hollow went,
Where low in death she laid.

There lay her body pale in death—
O! who could bear the sight?
To see her young and lovely form
Looking so snowy white?

Her angel form lay cold and pale
Within death's icy arms,
That foe of all the earth had come
And blighted all her charms.

They saw that she had murdered been
And when the jury came
And saw the form, they there and then,
At once they all did say the same.

It soon was noised both far and wide
That murder had been done;
The people then began to talk
Of who could be the one.

Young Chipman then suspicioned was,
To arrest him soon they came:
And when 'twas told him what was done,
He would not own the same.

Straightway to prison he did go,
His trial to await,
And many thought that he would meet
His well deserved fate.

And when the trial did come on,
The sentence then was passed
That to the gallows he should go,
But he escaped at last.

Out of the prison he did break
All in the silent night.
So leaving then his native land,
He quickly took his flight.

O'er hill and dale and grassy plain,
 O'er vale and valleys too,
 He tarried not for day or night or pain
 But swiftly on and on he flew.

Oh! let stern Justice go and search
 The wide spread earth all through,
 To bring this murderer back again,
 That he may now receive his due.

And, now my pretty maidens dear,
 I pray a warning take,
 And mind what heed you give to vows
 That all deceitful men will make.

Think of dear Martha's awful fate,
 Which I have tried to tell;
 And when you have a promise made,
 Consider all things well.

PRISON MUSINGS.--Part I.

The summer has come. and with it her bloom,
 To some giving joy, to others dark gloom;
 And still I am here in prison confined,
 But iss walls hold not my wandering mind.
 It leaves this dark place like lightning in its speed,
 For being confined doth make my soul bleed,
 And flies over hills and rivers so wide
 Till anchored at home and musing beside—
 Dear loved ones, it holds sweet converse with those
 In the grove on the hill, where gently blows
 'Mid the towering trees the zephyrs so sweet
 And cool in the shade in the noontide's heat.
 I should not repine at this my hard fate,
 Or weep, or lament like the disconsolate,
 Since in this frail body there nothing is bound
 But perishing clay, that soon 'neath the ground—

Enshrouded will lie in the cold mother earth
To which it was destined the day of its birth,
But I'll loudly invoke each sweet passing gale
To bear to the loved one a sweet, soothing tale—

And in her ear whisper so softly, and tell
To relieve her sad heart—that with me all's well.
Then softly and gently blow on, sweet winds of heaven,
Since no other way to me at present is given,
A message to send to my loving wife dear,
For she's longed much from her husband to hear.

Ye winds then that round my prison doth swell,
Of all, tell her first, that her husband is well,
And fondly doth hope to clasp in his arms
His wife, when no more is heard of war's alarms.

And in her ear whisper that still I do pray
And lift my soul upward, by night and by day;
Yes, tell her my faith in God is still strong,
To whom now and ever all praises belong.

No fetters like these can drive me away
From the cross of my Savior, tho' long they may stay;
Fly swiftly ye winds then, and fan gently her brow;
Perhaps she is sitting and thinks that I'm now—

Within my grave, or racked with great pain,
And scorched with hot fevers, and aching my brain;
Yes, bid her not sorrow so much about me
Although I'm far from her, and she cannot me see—

For when I'm free, I will fly to my home,
And from her dear presence no more will I roam.
Go tell my sweet babies their father is here,
In prison, confined, so dark and so drear.

Go watch their sweet slumbers, and then to them tell
Fond thoughts of them now in my bosom doth swell;
Yes, in their ears whisper a word too, of love,
As soft as at morning doth sing the sweet dove.

Yes, tell them I'd fondly press them to my heart,
Kiss sweetly their cheeks and lull them to rest.
A message next bear to my mother so dear,
And tell her that I, her loving son's here

In prison to suffer for his loved country's good,
But tell her I bear it as a true soldier should,
Not grieving that I bear a Southerner's name.
But living—it burns in my heart a bright flame.

And next, to my sister, a word will I send
Come listen, ye winds, and closely attend,
And lose not a whisper, nor one single word,
But tell to her all that from me you have heard.

Tell her how glad'y I would come to her now,
But tyrant's chains bind me, and to them I must bow;
Ah! yes, but my body is all they confine,
For love for my country will never repine.

But when I my freedom once more shall attain,
I'll rush to my flag and uphold it again;
Into the fierce battle and raise it on high,
And never desert it, although I should die!

Yes, tell my dear sister that gladly I'll come
To meet her glad smiles, when with war I'm done.
And now, to my brother, a message please bear,
Of my love, sure a portion shall he share.

Tell him that my mother I leave to him now,
That he must support her, while age on her brow
Is settling down slowly and silvering her hair
From anxious night watching and long days of care;
While he in his cradle a helpless babe lay,
She watched him by night and soothed him by day.
Farewell, my dear mother, my sister, good-bye;
Farewell, my dear brother, to me you seem nigh.

Though far I am from you, and cannot you see,
My prayer shall be for you wherever I be;
And to my companion I now say, adieu;
My sweet little babies, farewell to them too:
They're dearer by far, than all else to me given,
I hope we shall meet in the mansions of heaven.

PRISON MUSINGS--Part II.

Bright June has come with all her flowers,
Awaking beauty on the plains;
Thus we have passed the sweet spring showers,
And still I'm here in tyrant's chains.

My fate is hard but yet I'll bear
These bonds, and be resigned to take
This worst of fortune; I will dare
To meet it for my country's sake.

From all the ties that bind to earth,
I'm separate now, and far
From happy home, the place of birth,
They shine in memory like a star.

And more than these, I left behind
A loving wife—two babes so dear,
They're are ever present in my mind,
And round my heart they're clinging near.

Long months have passed since them I've seen,
And long indeed has seemed the time,
The fall, the winter, spring, gay green,
Are things that were and summer's chime

Is heard around, the buzzing air
Is filled with music—not for me,
Although the sound is everywhere;
They are as things beyond the sea.

Because my heart is far away,
And kindred hearts respond to mine,
And hope looks forward to the day
When round each other they will twine.

Yes, there's a cottage on the hill,
Where Mary longs and looks for me,
Ah! yes, and oft her heart doth fill
With prayer for my society.

It seems I see that angel face
And in her arms or at her side,
Her little babes—oh happy place!
If I were there, my joy and pride.

To clasp you closely to my breast
And feel that swelling of the heart;
I then would feel myself at rest
If I were sure we'd never part.
With you till death, relentless death,
Should come to take away my life,
And stop for aye my mortal breath,
And end with me this mortal strife.
How long, O fate, shall I remain
In this dark place, my lot to mourn?
How long shall I endure this pain
Which I already long have borne?
How long away from loved ones dear,
To whom my thoughts turn day and night,
Shall I remain in prison here
Shut out from all that can delight?
The thoughts of being long confined
Inside these dark, grim looking walls
Doth bear with might upon my mind
And o'er my heart it seems there falls
A veil that dims my future days
And causes hope almost to sink;
As with my vision darkly plays
And brings me almost to the brink
Of fell despair; but still I know
There is a power that rules on high.
To that I'll look, while here below,
And trust that Power, although I die!
The worst of trials then I'll brave,
Invoking God to be my friend:
I know that he hath power to save,
Therefore I'll trust him to the end.
He's been my friend in days gone by,
In all the paths that I have trod;
I hope when I shall come to die,
High up in Heaven to dwell with God.

PRISON MUSINGS--Part III.

How slow the moments pass away,
Each seems to me an hour;
For here is heard no jovial song,
I'm in a tyrant's power.

I stood up for my country's rights
And dared the foe to meet;
I watched our flag wave from the height,
The foeman tried to beat.

In danger's hour I faltered not,
But firmly grasped my sword,
Nor turned me from the awful spot
Where cannon loudly roared.

When my companions fell around,
For help I heard them cry,
But had to leave them on the ground
On gory beds to die.

On! awful sight indeed to see
Their faces deathly pale,
For there they fell our land to free,
Their graves are in the pale.

Although I missed the fatal ball,
By which so many fell,
I did that day a captive fall,
'Tis sad for me to tell.

A prisoner now long time I've been
And long may yet remain;
And months and years may usher in,
Ere I my freedom gain.

I sit and think of home and friends
And loved ones far away,
No kind hand to my wants attends,
Nor cheers me night or day.

If I could clasp close to my breast
My babes and loving wife,
My troubled heart would seem at rest,
Would end this inward strife.

The thought of meeting them dispels
And drives my gloom away,
And hope within my bosom swells:
Roll, time until that happy day.

AN ODE TO A CARRIER PIGEON.

Come, gentle Muse, my pen infuse
With sweet poetic fire;
While through my soul sweet visions roll
Of all that can inspire.

Come while I sing, sweet music bring,
And sweeten every strain,
And let me hear thy rustling near,
Else every effort's vain.

Go, sweet and harmless carrier Dove,
And bear a line to my far off love:
Yes, swiftly cross over hill and plain,
To relieve that heart of anxious pain.

She wonders much, so long I stay
From her my dear one far away.
A rumor, too, perhaps she's heard
Of death, then fly to her, sweet bird.

When thou art gone I shall thee miss,
But still, sweet bird, it will be bliss
For me to know that thou dost bear
A message to my lady fair.

She never thought I could forsake,
Then these glad tidings to her take;
Yes, bear her one consoling word
That still I live, dear carrier bird.

Yes fly to her, and if she live
 Tell her my absence to forgive;
 For now I'm bound by tyrants' laws
 In prison for my country's cause.

If thou shouldst find in cottage shades
 Within my home two little babes,
 Bring me from them some prattling word
 And I will thank thee, carrier bird.

Fly to my lady love and say
 That still I hope and trust and pray,
 That soon from prison I'll be free,
 Then home I'll fly, my love to see.

Yes, fly thou swiftly to my home,
 And tell my love she must not mourn;
 And when thou knowest she has heard,
 Return to me, sweet carrier bird.

OENONE.

On the holy mount of Ida
 Where the pine and cypress grow,
 Sat a young and lovely maiden
 Weeping ever soft and low.

Drearly throughout the forest
 Did the winds of autumn blow,
 And the clouds above were flying,
 And Scamander rolled below.

"Faithless Paris! Cruel Paris!"
 Thus the poor deserted spake;
 "Wherefore thus so strangely leave me?
 Why thy loving bride forsake?"

"Why no tender word at parting?
 Why no kiss— no farewell take?
 Would that I could but forget thee!
 Would this throbbing heart might break!"

Is my face no longer blooming?
 Are my eyes no longer bright?
 Ah! my tears have made them dimmer,
 And my cheeks are pale and light.

“Now I long for sullen darkness,
 As I once have longed for light,
 Paris, canst thou then be cruel,
 Fair and young and brave thou art.

“Can it be that in thy bosom
 Lie so cold, so hard a heart?
 Children were we bred together—
 She who bore me fed thee
 I have been thine old companion,
 When thou hadst no more but me!

“I have watched thee in thy slumbers.
 When the shadow of a dream
 Passed across the smiling features
 Like the ripple on a stream.

“And so sweetly were the visions
 Pictured there with perfect grace,
 That I half could read their import
 By the glances at thy face!”

TO A STORM CLOUD.

Stupendous scene of somore hue,
 Obscuring now the heavens blue,
 Over whose bosom lightnings play,
 I see each bright and vivid ray!

Deep, howling thunders greet my ear,
 Each dazzling flash imparts new sound,
 Both far and near the sound I hear;
 It rends the rocks, it shades the ground!

Thou hangest out a darksome pall,
 While gathering shadow round thee fall
 Majestic, hovering over the sky,
 Across thy bosom lightnings fly.

O, awe-inspiring scene thou art,
 At whose loud voice the mountains start,
 Or stand and tremble while the shock
 Rends trees and towers, ay, solid rock.
 It seems such peals might fill with dread,
 Each living heart, or wake the dead;
 If those within the grave could hear,
 They'd surely rise and come with fear.
 In thee, Jehovah's power displayed
 In awful splendor I've surveyed;
 I know that God reigns in his might
 O'er earth and sea, the Infinite.

THE WEARY PRISONER.

Hail, smiling morn with perfume sweet,
 O'er each bepangled lea,
 Where nature's song-birds singing sweet
 Thy sweets are not for me
 Thy glorious splendors I behold
 Outstretched along the skies.
 But viewing o'er thy charms untold,
 Dries not my weeping eyes.
 My body weary, wan and worn,
 Is fading fast away,
 And still I wake my lot to mourn,
 While sinks this feeble clay.
 I think of those I left behind,
 With whom I long to be,
 Yet ever present to my mind,
 It seems their smiles I see.
 Within this damp, dark prison wall
 I naught of comfort feel;
 Save him whose love is free for all,
 It doth my sorrows heal.
 Why should I long on earth to stay,
 Since 'tis but life to die?
 Come, Death, and bear my soul away
 To realms beyond the sky.

AT THE FOUNT OF CALVARY.

Ungodly man, and sinner, thou
Whose life is but a span,
Unheeding all commands of God
Delivered here to man:

Remember, if the righteous are
Scarce saved by Jesus' blood,
Where will you stand when called upon
To pass through death's cold flood?

O, recollect Christ's Testament
Was sealed on Calvary's hill,
O, turn then, from youy wicked ways,
For 'tis your Master's will.

His kind injunctions now invite,
Come! kneel before his throne,
Call on his name, your sins confess,
He'll claim you as his own.

For God the Son, will pardon you,
And all your sins forgive,
And with the righteous you'll appear,
Then turn to Christ and live.

Come all ye long sought sinners, then,
Come to the lovely fount,
Kneel in the stream, the living stream,
That flowed from Calvary's mount.

Do this, and when the trump shall sound
To call God's people home,
You'll mount on high with angel choirs,
To sing around the throne.

A SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

Why should I at my fate repine
Or mourn my lot as hard?
Because I'm far away from home,
From all its sweets debarred?

Yes, I have cause indeed to grieve,
The hours so slowly wear,
A prisoner too so long I've been,
It almost breeds despair.

My country called, I left my wife
And little ones so dear,
And clasping hands I kissed her cheek;
But, ah! I saw the starting tear.

I said, "My dear, pray do not weep,"
Since 'tis my country's call,
I'll go and dare the battle's strife,
Though in the ranks I fall.

If I upon some bloody field
Should fill a soldier's grave,
Remember I shall fall, dear one,
My country's rights to save.

And God, dear wife, will guard the brave,
Whoever's in the right;
By his strong arm he'll prosper them
They'll surely win the fight.

My little ones I now embraced
And pressed them to my heart;
I held them long, like death it seemed
That I with them must part.

Dear darlings, how I kissed their cheeks.
The tears fell down like rain,
For then it seemed I could not leave,
I kissed them o'er again.

But still the hour of parting comes,
I was compelled to leave,
And once more kissing wife and babes,
I told her not to grieve.

My heart beat quick, I turned and left
Those loved ones there behind;
Where'er I am, whate'er my lot,
They're always on my mind.

So, mounted on my charger strong,
I joined my company;
And marched away to meet the foe,
To fight and to be free.

Misfortune seemed to be my lot;
A captive taken, I
Have been confined for many months,
The hours drag slowly by.

I sit and think of home and friends
And all I left behind,
Yes, past associations bear
With weight upon my mind.
Ah! loving wife, if I could send
To you a line or word,
'Twould give me ease, and give me rest,
To think from me you'd heard.

And oh! could I but hear from you,
And know that you were well,
The satisfaction I would feel
Is more than I can tell.

My lovely little darling babes,
Dear objects of my heart,
I often think of them and when
I do the tears will start.

Yes, ever present to my mind,
They're in my dreams at night;
And in imagination's sphere
They fill fond memory's sight.

Ah! surely I have cause to grieve
And weep at my sad fate;
From home and loved ones I'm so far,
O! this misfortune's great.

But let me ask, dear wife, weep not,
Though we are separated far,
Ere long I trust that we shall meet,
When ends this cruel war.

THE SLUMBERING BABY.

A baby in its cradle lay sleeping,
Its mother sat over it weeping
As it slumbering lay,
She thought as it lay and slumbered still
In the lonely cottage on the hill,
Of its father—far away.

While watching its little face so blooming
And in her heart sad fancies were looming
The burning tears then fell.
My darling babe, is thy father near?
Art thou in his fond embrace, my dear?
Canst thou thy father tell?

Then the baby's face became all smiling,
At once its mother's face beguiling,
And dried the falling tear.
Its mother said, "My darling, I know
Thy father is near, thou smilest so,
And soon he will be here."

The mother was right, the happy morrow
Dried every tear and soothed all sorrow;
The father did return;
He embraced his wife and child so dear,
And joy now reigns where late the tear
A palid cheek did burn.

A DREAM OF MOTHER.

I dreamed last night, my mother dear
Thou didst nurse me as when young;
I thought I sat upon your knee,
Your arms around me gently flung.

I thought it strange that I should sit
Upon your knees so feeble now;
Thy head was now quite silvered e'er
And age was settling on thy brow.

So large was I you tired grew,
I rose for you to place your feet;
And when you'd rested for awhile
I thought again I took my seat.

But let me now a contrast draw
And useful will it be.
Between my lot and that which was
Imagined on my mother's knee.

I'm here in prison and how long
I'm destined here I do not know.
And this, dear mother, oft times makes
Mine eyes with bitter tears o'erflow.

The battlefield I chose as mine,
And went, my contry to defend;
I met the foe in battle strife,
And fell a captive in the end.

And hard indeed it seems to me,
So far away I am from those
Who gladly would my wants relieve,
And liberate me from my foes.

And oh! how different is my lot
From that I passed when but a child,
And sat upon my mother's knee,
Who at my prattling often smiled.

And as to riper years I grew
The time was sunshine all to me,
And everything was joyful too,
When my young heart was free.

Alas! those years are past and gone,
 Those fleeting days forever done;
 And only to bright memory dear
 Will happy days like these appear.

And will the dim and distant future
 No brighter days to me unfold?
 Will it no calmer joys mature
 For me when I am feeble—old?

Ah! surely fate will loose the bands
 That fetter now my drooping heart,
 And at the entrance of a hand
 Some lasting joy to me impart.

My mother dear, I ask thy prayers
 In my behalf, if I could see,
 Thy loving smile and happy face,
 Which have so often welcomed me.

And now, my mother, fare thee well,
 Until in dreams we meet once more.
 If not in dreams nor yet on earth,
 I hope we'll meet on Canaan's shore.

IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

I know the time has come at last,
 That I am called to die;
 Life's weary labor done at last,
 And low and weak I lie.

I feel each pulse grow weaker still,
 And fainter every breath.
 And soon this feeble body will
 Lie pale and cold in death.

I'm far from my beloved wife
 And little babies too,
 They were my earthly joy, my life,
 As pure as early dew.

Tell Mary that she must not weep,
 On Jesus' breast I lie,
 He'll take my spirit when I sleep
 To dwell with Him on high.

Tell her to kiss my babies sweet
And press them to her heart;
I hope that all in Heaven will meet,
Where we no more shall part.

And 'neath some dark and shady tree
Cast up a little mound,
To mark the spot where I may be,
At rest beneath the ground.

There let my body peaceful lie
Beneath the silent clay,
My spirit upward it will fly
To dwell in Heaven for aye;

From all its toils and cares below
'Mid trouble and distress,
'Twill be farewell to pain and woe
Within this wilderness.

I bid farewell to kindred, friends,
To all I hold most dear,
I go where bliss shall never end,
My Savior's voice to hear;

Beside the stream that never fails,
That flows from God's white throne
To hear the gladsome shouts, "All hail!"
And ever be at home.

AN INVOCATION TO THE WIFE.

TO MY LOVING WIFE:

Though sundered far, the great and glorious Morning Stars yet as bright as first 'twas given down from the shining courts of Heaven. Though separated far, we here can meet and worship at the mercy seat; and ask the Savior day by day to guide us in the heavenly way. This privilege indeed is dear, that we can feel the Savior near; we ought to love and cherish then within our hearts our Lord and friend. But still could we as we have done—both kneel together, side by side and worship Him who for us died; 'twould seem a paradise below! While travelling through these scenes of woe, to share each other's tears and prayers—each other's toils and joys and cares, yet we to Jesus' throne can go, whence living waters ever flow! And there to Him our sins confess, and ask him, too, our souls to bless; who will to all our wants attend. Then while we have this gracious friend, we need not fear when men revile, protected by his gracious smile!

PROPERTY OF
DISCARDED
HIGH POINT PUBLIC LIBRARY
HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA



R NC LC 811.4 W724F
Williams, Levi Branson,
Poems and memoirs of Lieut
Levi Branson Williams.

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

NORTH CAROLINA
COLLECTION



